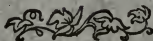


THE
FLYING **D**UTCHMAN.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.



ENGLISH VERSION, WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY JOHN P. JACKSON.



CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

1876.

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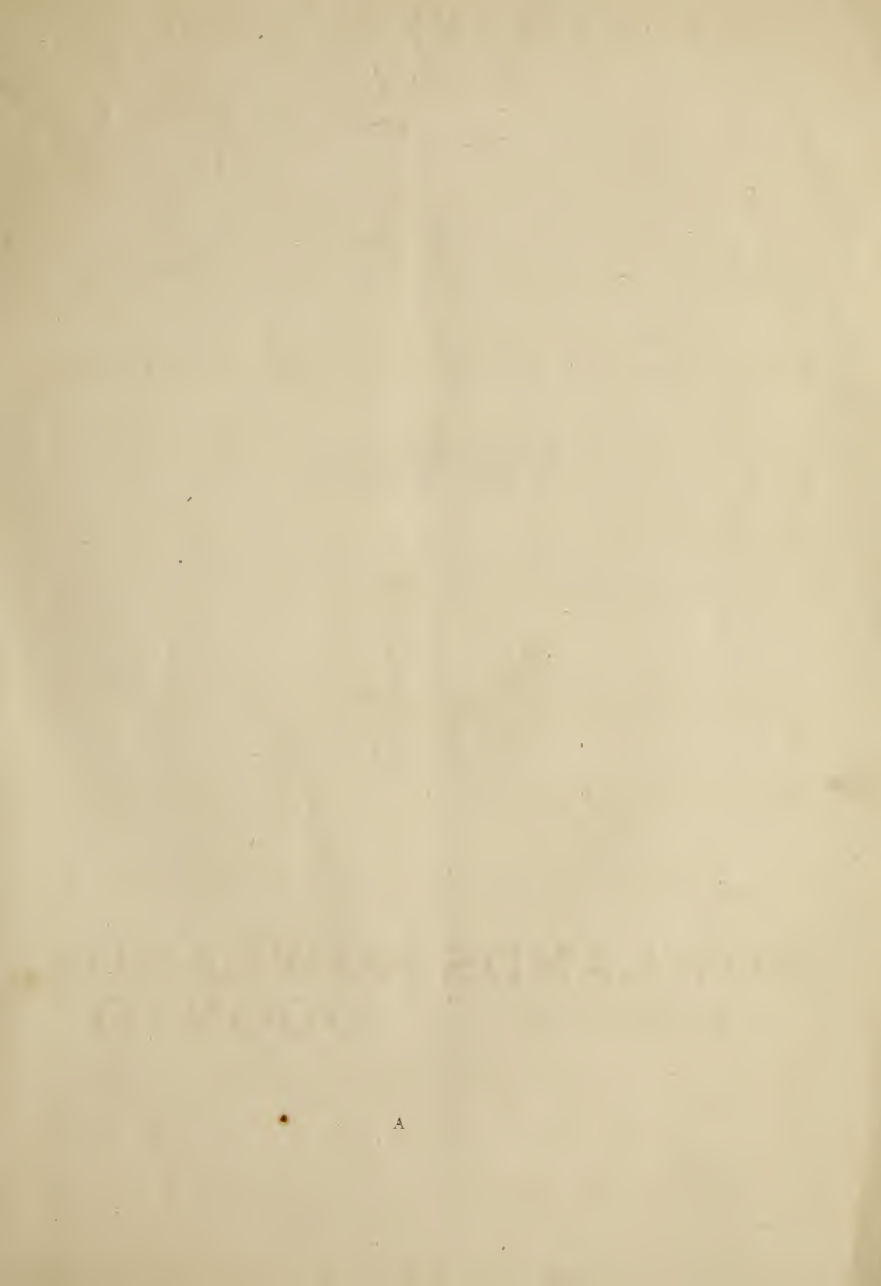
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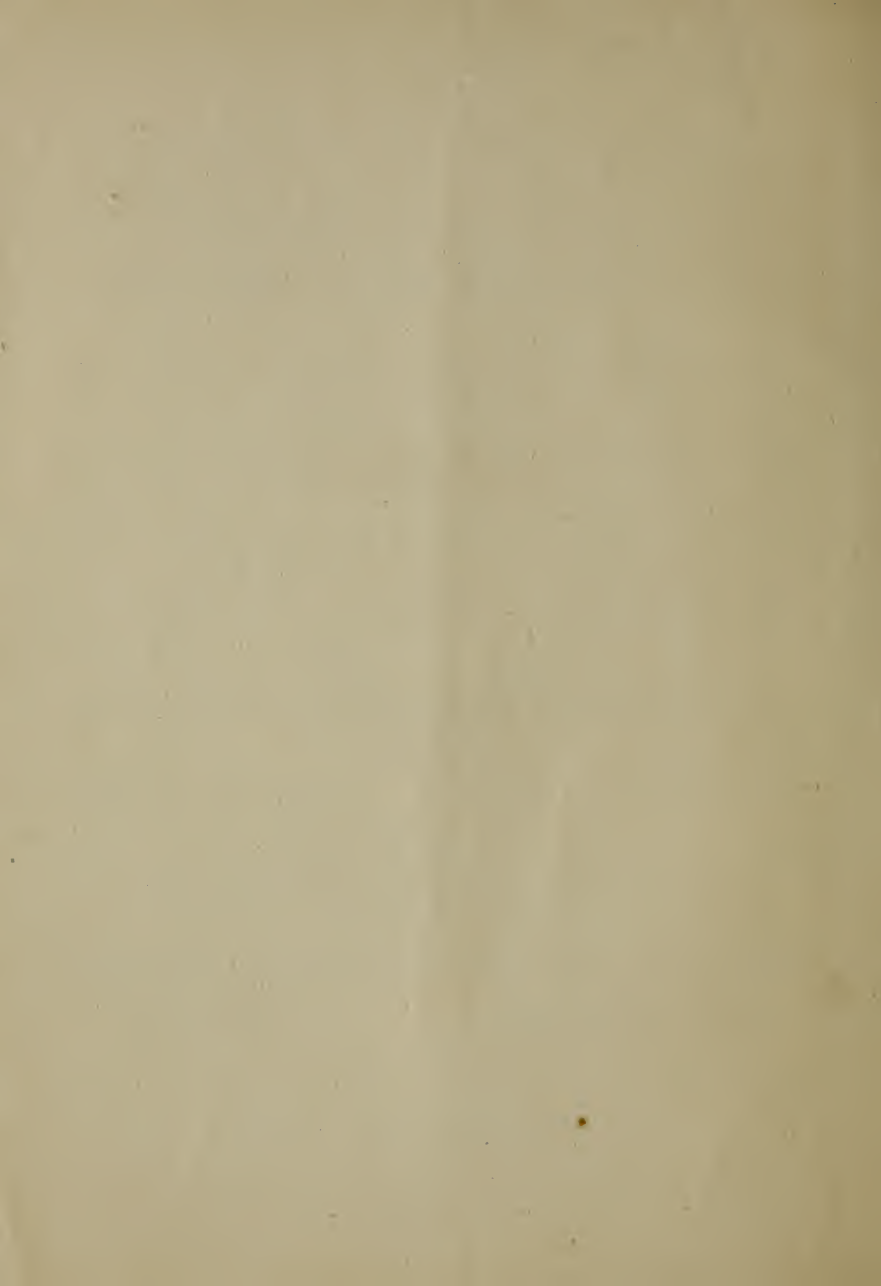
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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.



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THE
FLYING DUTCHMAN.

ROMANTIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN P. JACKSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE ALBUM OF THE PASSION-PLAY
AT OBER-AMMERGAU."



LONDON:
CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

1876.

ELZEVIR PRESS :—PRINTED BY JOHN C. WILKINS,
9, CASTLE STREET, CHANCERY LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUTCHMAN, VAN DER DECKEN.	} MR. SANTLEY.
DALAND, <i>Captain of a Nor-</i> <i>wegian ship</i>	} MR. A. STEVENS.
SENTA, <i>his Daughter</i> . . .	MDLLE. TORRIANI.
ERIC, <i>a Forester</i>	MR. FRED. C. PACKARD.
MARY, <i>Senta's former nurse</i> .	MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN.
THE STEERSMAN of DA- LAND'S <i>ship</i>	} MR. J. W. TURNER.

Crew of the Norwegian Vessel. The Crew of the
Flying Dutchman. Village Maidens.

Scene :—The Norwegian Coast.

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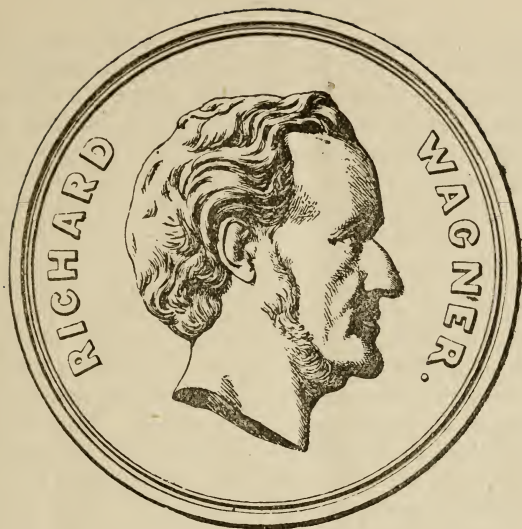
*Conductor*—MR. CARL ROSA.

*Stage Manager*—MR. ARTHUR HOWELL.

*The Scenery specially painted by* MR. HAWES CRAVEN  
*and Assistants. Mechanical Effects by* MR. MATHER.  
*The Costumes by* MR. and MRS. STINCHCOMBE.

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ROSA OPERA COMPANY, on Tuesday, the 3rd of October,  
1876, at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, London.





## INTRODUCTION.

**F**EW composers have had so many obstacles to overcome, so much bitter, uncompromising opposition to withstand, as Richard Wagner : and none while yet on earth have achieved such triumphs and received such homage. "Long wandering homeless in distant, distant countries," during the earlier part of his career, his aims and aspirations long misunderstood ; then "from his native land exiled," for endeavouring in a troublous period to demonstrate the benefits that should accrue to Art from political revolution ; we have seen how very recently kings and emperors made the pilgrimage to Bayreuth in order to witness the representation of his last great work, and to pay

homage to the reformer of the German opera. Never had a composer such honours paid to him during his lifetime. And the fact may be considered worthy of record when Wagner's biography shall come to be written, that in the year of the Bayreuth Festival was performed the first English version of any of Wagner's operas. Let us hope, too, that the "Flying Dutchman" may prove only the forerunner of the other beautiful musical and dramatic creations of the poet-composer, whose productions have hitherto been vainly striving to reveal their beauties through the veil of a foreign though charming tongue.

It would be presumption to attempt to forestall musical criticism by any assertion about the grandeurs and beauties of the so-called "music of the future," yet it is almost a necessity, if Wagner is to be thoroughly understood and appreciated, that the composer's subject and his poetry should be considered. Wagner should not be judged as a musician, a composer, pure and simple, for we have to do with a poet-composer, whose libretti have very great claims to poetic capacity. Had Wagner never composed a note of music, his claims as a poet could not have been disregarded. In the "Flying Dutchman," and still more in "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and the "Mastersinger of Nuremberg," Wagner has furnished poems of real dramatic and poetic excellence, wherein "music and sweet poetry agree, as they must needs, the sister and the brother." Wagner, as he tells us himself, became a musician only after he had become a poet, and he was a poet only after he had found inspiration in the rich mines of German legend and mythology.

In the "Flying Dutchman" the composer became first of all a poet; the grand old legend opened up its treasures to him, and with its production he rose from the rank of an opera text-maker to that of a poet, and this newly acquired poetic capacity made him at the same time a true musician. The composer has told us himself how this artistic development was brought about. In "Rienzi," he says, "my only purpose was to write an opera,

and thinking only of this opera, I took my subject as I found it ready made in another man's finished production. . . . With the "Flying Dutchman," I entered upon a new course, by becoming the artistic interpreter of a subject which was given to me only in the simple crude form of a popular tale. From this time I became, with regard to all my dramatic works, first of all a poet ; and only in the ultimate completion of the poem my faculty as a musician was restored to me."

Wagner is by no means an innovator in his endeavour to make "music and sweet poetry agree : " and this endeavour, on his part, was simply the result of study, and grew to conviction with his artistic development. His poetical capacity is not shown to us full born : nor did his musical genius burst forth full fledged like Athene from the head of Zeus.

Wagner was never a marvellous boy, except for his disinclination to follow settled rules and precedents. Did space permit, it would be of interest to follow the composer's artistic development, all the way from the "Fairies," the "Novice of Palermo," "Rienzi," and the "Dutchman," up to the "Ring of the Nibelung ; " but we must content ourselves with recording only the events that led to the production of the present opera. While musical director of a theatre at Koenigsberg, the composer began to look towards Paris as the goal of his artistic ambitions. He made the plan of a grand five-act opera from Koenig's romance of "Die Hohe Braut," and sent it to Scribe, asking him to furnish the libretto. Scribe, however, did not deign to answer the unknown and ambitious young German. In the autumn of 1837, when musical director of the theatre at Riga, he took up a project, which he had previously conceived, of making *Rienzi the Tribune* the subject of a grand opera after the fashion of Meyerbeer. He wrote the text himself, but not with any great care or poetical skill, his great aim being to produce grand scenic effects, effective ensembles and finales. In the spring of 1839 two acts of "*Rienzi*" were completed, his

contract at Riga was at an end, and he determined to seek fortune in Paris. He embarked with his wife on board a sailing vessel which was to take him to London, en route for Paris, and it was on this eventful voyage that the present opera of the "Flying Dutchman" was first conceived.

The voyage to London lasted nearly four weeks. A fearful storm drove the vessel up to the Norwegian coast, and it was here, "amid the raging storms and conflicting waves, the gray northern rocks and the curious life on board a ship, that," as he says, "the ancient legendary figure of the Dutchman gained physiognomy and colour." It is possible that he also heard the story from the lips of the seamen, told in their own rude fashion. Wagner remained only a short time in London, and then continued his journey to Paris. During a stay in Boulogne, he made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, to whom he showed his "Rienzi," and who provided him with some letters of introduction for Paris. His opera "The Novice of Palermo" was accepted for the Theatre de la Renaissance; a new French text had been made for it, and everything promised to be successful, when suddenly the theatre became bankrupt, and the hopes of the composer were destroyed.

Wagner made no headway until Meyerbeer returned to Paris, when he was introduced to the directors of the grand opera. He proposed to them a plan of composing the "Flying Dutchman," suggesting that a French text should be written for his music. The consequence, however, was, that his idea was stolen, the "book" was given to a French poet, and the composition to another musician. His sojourn in the French capital was an utter failure, and the necessities of life pressed upon him so heavily, that he was compelled to undergo "the most humiliating trials in musical drudgery" in order to earn a scanty livelihood. He gained a little by arranging popular melodies for the cornet-à-piston, wrote articles for the "Gazette Musicale," but amidst his troubles never forgetting "Rienzi," which was



finished in November of the year 1841. During this period he also wrote an overture to Goëthe's "Faust."

Schuré beautifully says, "The peculiar genius of Wagner is observable thus early in Paris, where, instead of approaching his friends with entreaties for assistance in his difficulties, he retires to the solitude of his adversity, and in the midst of a cruel isolation, in the profound night when, one by one, the bright stars of hope were extinguished, he finds, in the inexhaustible source of popular imagination, a congenial companion of his ideal art, and, in the legend of the "Flying Dutchman," a symbolical impersonation of his own trials and adversities."

In the spring of 1841, Wagner retired to Meudon, near Paris, after nine months' interruption from all musical production, almost fearing to find that his genius had deserted him. He began with the sailors' chorus, then the spinning song, and, as he says, he was fairly overjoyed to find that he was still a musician. The entire opera was the work of seven weeks, though the necessities of life prevented his completing the overture until two months later. The subject was at the time congenial to the composer's own condition. He says himself:—"The 'Flying Dutchman' recalled the swamps and floods of my own life, and attracted me with remarkable force. It was the first popular legendary poem which went to my heart, and impelled me, as an artist, to give it meaning and form in music."

Like nearly all mediæval legends, that of the "Flying Dutchman" is a development rather than an independent creation. In the sunny Hellenic world we meet with it in the wanderings of Odysseus—in his yearning for hearth, home, and wife. Christianity, in its early homeless state, took hold of this trait, and produced from it the figure of the Eternal Jew. This Wanderer, condemned to a joyless, purposeless existence, with no prospect of earthly redemption, was left with but a single hope,—a yearning for death. At the close of the Middle Ages, a

newer and more active life sprang up ; a life of adventure and voyages of discovery followed ; the sea became the soil of life, no longer the confined sea of the Hellenic world, but that of the boundless ocean ; and the ancient legend of Ahasuerus becomes transferred from its religious terrestrial soil to the realms where-on the Dutch held their dominant sway.

This legend of the "Flying Dutchman," embodies a remarkable mixture of the characters of the Wandering Jew and Odysseus. The Dutch captain is here punished for his boldness by the Devil, "who is here palpably the element of ocean storm and floods," and condemned to sail aimless upon the sea until the day of judgment—like Ahasuerus, without hope of release or redemption. The legend, too, represents the strivings of the great seafaring nation to whom we ascribe its origin, their love of adventure and exploration, which led them to defy all obstacles, in spite of wind and elements, which were at that time believed to be under the control of supernatural powers. The devil condemned such over-bold adventurers to eternal striving.

The story comes to us from the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Captain Van der Decken tries to double the Cape of Good Hope in the face of a gale, and swears that he will carry out his purpose, even though he sail till eternity. The Devil, hearing this oath, accepts it in its most literal meaning, and the unfortunate mariner is doomed to sail on for ever. The following version appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" for May, 1821 : "She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port seventy years ago. Her master's name was Van der Decken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way, in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain ; though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows : the story is this, that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Van der Decken walked the deck, swearing at the

wind. Just after sunset a vessel spoke him, asking him if he did not mean to go into the Bay that night. Van der Decken replied, 'May I be eternally damned if I do, though I should beat about here till the day of judgment !' And, to be sure, he never did go into that Bay, for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her."

The legend permits the Ocean Ahasuerus to sail on for ever, without hope of release. But poets of later ages have endeavoured in various ways to bring the sufferer salvation and to release him from his sad fate. The idea of this release being found in the love of a woman, did not, however, enter the heads of the ancients, much as we praise them for their chivalry. I learn from Mr. Hueffer's excellent book ("Richard Wagner and the Music of the Future,") that the late Mr. Fitzball made the story in "Blackwood's" the groundwork of a melodramatic production, in which Mynheer Van der Decken is the "slave and ally of some horrid monster of the deep, and his motive in taking a wife was only to increase the number of his victims." Captain Marryatt's attempt to release the accursed mariner by means of a religious amulet or charm, is not a very poetical ending. Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner," brings the curse down upon the unfortunate captain for shooting an albatross—as great a sin, doubtless, as daring to oppose the primitive elements in the shape of the evil one ; and here, too, release is effected by a monk ; but death is not permitted to the poor captain, who is condemned to become a second Ahasuerus, whose only mission is to preach that beautiful precept of love :—

"He prayeth well who loveth well, both man, and bird, and beast."

It is Heinrich Heine to whom Wagner is indebted for his beautiful idea of releasing the accursed Dutchman from his fate by means of the faithful love of a woman. Mr. Hueffer has made some interesting researches on this point :—"In Heine's

fragmentary story, 'The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski,' the hero tells us how on his passage from Hamburg to Amsterdam he saw a vessel with blood-red sails, very likely the phantom ship of the Flying Dutchman. The new feature added to the old story is this:—that, instead of an unconditional sentence, Van der Decken is condemned to wander till doomsday, *unless* he shall have been released by the love of a woman 'faithful unto death.' The Devil (stupid as he is) does not believe in the virtue of women, and therefore allows the unhappy captain to go ashore once every seven years, in order to take a wife. The poor Dutchman has been disappointed in his attempts at finding such a paragon of faithful spouses for many a time, till at last, just after another period of seven years has elapsed, he meets a Scotch (according to Wagner, a Norwegian) merchant, and readily obtains his paternal consent to a proposed marriage with his daughter. This daughter herself has formed a romantic attachment for the unfortunate sailor, whose story she has heard and whose picture hangs in her room. When she sees the real Flying Dutchman she recognizes him at once by the resemblance with his likeness, and, heroically deciding to share his fate, accepts the offer of his hand. At this moment Schnabelewopski-Heine is (by an unforeseen and indescribable incident) called away from the house, and, when he comes back, is just in time to see the Dutchman on board his own ship, which is weighing anchor for another voyage of hopeless despair. He loves his bride, and would save her from the fate that threatens her if she accompanies him. But she, 'faithful unto death,' ascends a high rock and throws herself into the waves, by which heroic deed the spell is broken, and the Flying Dutchman, united with his bride, enters the long-closed gates of eternal rest."

Mr. Hueffer thinks that Fitzball's play of the "Flying Dutchman" was running at the Adelphi Theatre about the time of Heine's visit to London; and that the German poet and satirist

here got his charming idea of giving salvation to the Dutchman by means of a woman. Wagner, as Hueffer again remarks, has heightened the dramatic pathos of the fable by making his hero symbolize a profound philosophical idea—thus raising the conception of his character from the sphere of a popular tale into that of artistic significance, out of fancy into imagination. The pitiful figure of Mynheer Van der Decken becomes an embodiment of life-weariness, longing for death, and forgetfulness of individual pain and struggle, or of existence. Still, we must acknowledge, Hueffer thinks, that the modest germs of these grand ideas were furnished to both the German poet and composer by the English playwright ; and we must further note that it was on a voyage to the British shores that the one and the other conceived the scheme of his work.

Wagner himself explains the symbolical meaning of the legend in the following manner : “ This legend is, in fact, an expression of the universal human feeling of yearning for rest from the storms of life ; a longing, on the pitiless waves of a boundless ocean, for home. The wild atmosphere of storm and unending sorrows seem to be reflected in the curse-afflicted life of Van der Decken, to whom the love of woman, of a grand ideal woman, brings release from thralldom. The Flying Dutchman embodies a poem of life, a primitive trait of human nature, which we have already read in the *Odyssey*, and in the history of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, which so vividly illustrates the yearning for rest and peace. To the end of his life, says Wagner, he longs for death, as is the case with Ahasuerus. But this redemption, which is denied to the Eternal Jew, is permitted to the Hollander through a woman who shall sacrifice herself from the greatness of her love. The yearning for death impels him to seek this wife, but she is no longer the Penelope of the *Odyssey*, but the noble woman, the as yet uncreated, longed-for, foreboded, infinite, womanly wife—in one word, the wife of the future.”



We may regard it as a beautiful characteristic of Wagner's creations that woman, this pure, noble, self-sacrificing woman of the future, brings release and joy to man. In "*Tannhäuser*," it is the pure, holy love of Elizabeth that calls the erring minstrel from the abode of sensual pleasure to a higher and purer existence; in "*Lohengrin*," it is Elsa, the pure maiden, who attracts the Swan Knight from his sunny abode to the warm, invigorating embrace of earth; in the "*Flying Dutchman*," it is the naïve, simple, dreamy Senta who, in the immensity of her sympathetic love, sacrifices herself in order to bring release to the sufferer. All Wagner's female creations are but embodiments of the most varied powers of Goethe's "eternal womanhood, which draws us ever towards it."

The idea of the drama which forms the poetic basis of the opera is admirably given by Schuré in his charming book, "*Le Drame Musicale*." He says:—

"If ever the sombre poetry of the implacable sea has been expressed in a terrible manner, it is in the first act of the '*Flying Dutchman*;' one hears, as it were, the voice of the Styx, that everlasting moaning wave, unrelenting, unforgiving; while, on the other hand, what internal peace, what infinite gentleness in the song of Senta!—a sweet melody of angelic trust which instantly reveals to us the heroine's heart. This strong contrast between the accursed and despairing wanderer, and the young, loving girl who desires to snatch him from the abyss, the magnetic sympathy between the immensity of the unhappiness of the man and the vastness of love in the heart of the maiden, those two souls drawn together, entwined, find in death supreme felicity—this is the whole drama. From the production of this opera, the poet and the musician are merged in the same individual. Marching forward abreast, they now form one and the same artist, and unite indissolubly in the pursuit and realization of the same idea. Such is the great originality of Richard Wagner. He holds a place unique in the



history of Opera. We are not in the presence of a musician pure and simple ; those who so regard him see only one side, and judge him falsely. To appreciate his worth, and the boldness of his conceptions, it must not be forgotten that he is at once a true poet and a true musician. We can scarcely perceive where the one finishes and the other begins."

Let us return to the composer's life and works. While still in Paris, Wagner received the gratifying intelligence that "*Rienzi*" had been accepted in Dresden, and the "*Flying Dutchman*" at Berlin. In the spring of 1842 he prepared to depart from Paris, the scene of so many months of desperate conflict and disappointments. Arriving in Dresden, he began the rehearsals for "*Rienzi*," and, on the 19th October, 1842, the first performance was given. Tichatschek was enthusiastic in its praise, and took the part of the Tribune. The enthusiasm permeating the entire work, the brilliancy of the scenery, the reputation of the singers, all contributed to a great success, and Richard Wagner became the hero of the day. The result was his appointment as Kapellmeister to the Court of Saxony, succeeding Carl Maria von Weber.

The directors of the Theatre, pleased with the success of "*Rienzi*," determined to take up the "*Flying Dutchman*," which was performed for the first time, after somewhat hasty preparation, on the 2nd January, 1843. Madame Schroeder-Devrient took the part of Senta. The "*Flying Dutchman*" was afterwards given at Cassel and at Berlin : the first-named performance being brought about through the efforts of Spohr, the only German Kapellmeister who acted towards Wagner with friendliness and earnestness.

In Germany the "*Flying Dutchman*" now enjoys a popularity only second to "*Lohengrin*" and "*Tannhäuser*." Not from the general public, but from individuals who were deeply impressed with the power and beauty of his creation, did Wagner first gain encouragement to work for them and for himself. "I

now addressed myself," he says, "to individual personages whose feelings and ideals I knew, and no longer to strange unknown masses." And from this feeling was produced those other beautiful creations and forms which many of us love: Tannhäuser, the minstrel knight; Lohengrin, the messenger from the Grail; Hans Sachs, the Mastersinger of Nuremberg; Tristan and Isolde; and Siegfried and Brunnilda, the hero and heroine of "The Ring of the Nibelung," all of which we trust may, at some future time, reveal to us in our own tongue the poetic and musical genius of the composer of the "Flying Dutchman."

J. P. J.

LONDON, *October 1st*, 1876.



## THE OVERTURE.



*HE phantom ship of the Flying Dutchman is driven on by the raging storm. It approaches the coast, and anchor is cast near the land, where the vessel's master hopes to find the promised release from the terrible burden of his curse. We hear in the orchestra sympathetic and sorrowful strains, filling the heart with the pathos of prayer and lamentation, which interpret the idea of the promised deliverance. Gloomily, despairingly, the accursed Van der Decken listens to these strains. Weary of life, yearning for death, he wanders on the land, while his exhausted crew silently furl the sails, and make the ship secure for its brief stay. How often has the unfortunate captain neared the land with his heart full of this same melancholy longing! How many times has he directed the prow of his vessel through storm and wave towards the dwellings of men, which, once in every seven years, he is permitted to visit! How often did he imagine that the end of his woes had come! But, alas! how often,*

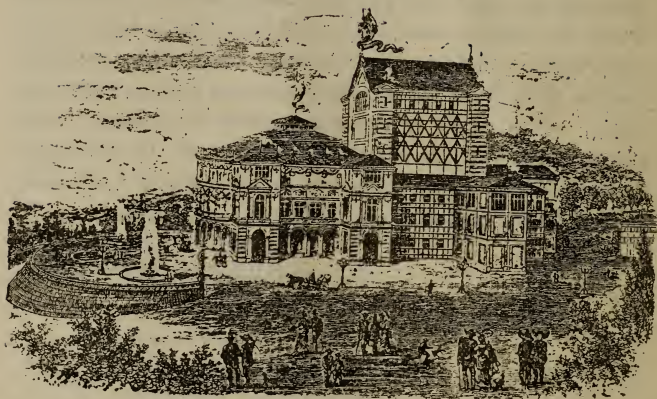
cruelly deceived, was he again compelled to sail on his endless, hopeless voyage ! To bring about his own destruction, he invokes against himself the flood and the storm. In vain he steers his ship into the yawning deep : in vain he drives it on to the breakers :—the storm and the rocks harm him not. All the terrible dangers of the ocean, at which he laughed in his earlier days of wild and exuberant love of adventure and daring, now mock him, and he is condemned to sail to all eternity on the ocean desert, searching for treasures which give him no joy, never finding that which alone can release him from his desolate existence. Gaily, joyously, a vessel passes by : he hears the mirth and songs of the crew as they sail on towards their home. He alone cannot share their joy ; in his furious career, as he rushes along on the wings of the storm, he terrifies the sailors, who flee from him, awe-stricken and aghast. From the depths of his fearful misery he cries out aloud for deliverance. A faithful woman alone can free him from his accursed thralldom, in the terrible desert of his gloomy existence. Where, in what land, lingers this deliverer ? Where is the gentle heart that shall be touched with the vastness of his suffering ? Where is she who shall not flee from him in terror and dismay, like the coward sailors who lift up the crucifix at his approach ? A bright light breaks in upon his night ; like a lightning flash it gleams upon his tormented soul, but again it is suddenly extinguished : once more is it revealed, and the poor wanderer keeps the guiding star in sight, and steers bravely through waves

*and storms towards it. That which attracts him so powerfully is the compassionate glance of a woman, whose noble soul is filled with pity and divine sympathy, and who has given her heart to him—a heart which has opened its infinite depths to the dreadful agony of the accursed one, and will sacrifice itself for his sake—will break in sorrow, and end, with its own existence, his sufferings. Before this heavenly vision the accursed burden falls from the unhappy man as his ship goes to pieces. The abyss of ocean swallows the vessel; but, purified and free, he rises from the waves, led upwards by the hand of his redeptress, and surrounded, as with a halo, by the dawning of an imperishable Love.*

RICHARD WAGNER.







WAGNER'S THEATRE AT BAYREUTH.





## THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

### ACT I.

*A bay on the Norwegian coast. DALAND's ship  
at anchor.*

NORWEGIAN SAILORS.



OHOHE! Yohohe! Hallo, ho! ho! etc.

DALAND.

'Tis certain! Thirty miles to-day  
The storm has driven our ship away  
From home,—the voyage almost o'er,  
Yet cast again on friendless shore!

THE STEERSMAN.

Captain, ahoy!

DALAND.

How fare ye all on board?

B

## THE STEERSMAN.

Well, captain ! We're on good anchor ground !

## DALAND.

Sandwike it is ! Right well I know the bay !  
Alas ! I saw on shore my own fair home—  
Senta—I hoped ere this to see my treasure,—  
Then came the storm, that drove us through the foam.  
Who trusts the wind, trusts to Satan's good pleasure !

But why lament ? The storm subsides !  
When thus it roars, it lasts not long.  
Heigh, fellows ! Now she safely rides—  
To rest ! She's proved both swift and strong !

So, steersman brave ! Thine is the turn to watch  
On board ! Danger there's none ! But sleep not at  
thy post.

## THE STEERSMAN.

Be quite at ease ! Rest calmly, capitaine !

## STEERSMAN'S SONG.

## I.

Through the thunder and storm, from distant seas,  
O maiden, I am near !  
Over wild foaming waves, with southern breeze,  
My loved one, I am here !  
O maiden, fair wind still implore,  
That I come home to thee !  
I pray thee, south wind, blow still more,  
My love doth wait for me !  
Hohohe ! Yolohe ! Yolohe ! Ho ! Ho !

## II.

In the broad southern seas, in distant land,  
Full oft on thee I've thought ;  
Through the storm and the sea from Afric's strand,  
Have pearls and jewels brought !  
O maiden, praise the south wind fair,  
I bring thee a golden ring !  
O gentle south wind, bear me where  
My love doth spin and sing !  
Hohohe, etc !

## THE DUTCHMAN.

The term's expired ! Once more their course have  
ended  
The seven long years. In weariness the sea  
Casts me on land. . . . Ha, proud old ocean thou !  
A little while and thou again shalt bear me.  
Thou'rt ever changing :—unchanging is my fate !  
Release that on the land I seek, oh, ne'er,  
Ne'er can I find it ! True, ye ocean billows,  
I'll be to you, until your last lone wave shall  
Have roll'd—until the sea exist no more.

How oft i' th' ocean's deepest gloom  
I hoped to find a watery tomb !

But, ah ! a grave I sought in vain ;  
O'er rocks and reefs the ship I drove,  
To find release from life I strove,  
But death I found not on the main.

How oft, the dreaded pirate daring,  
I sought for death in conflict bold ;  
"Thine," cried I, no allurements sparing,  
"The treasure in my good ship's hold !"

But, ah, the sea's barbaric lord  
Did cross himself, and fled my hoard.  
Nowhere a grave—on sea no rest,—  
This is the curse's fell behest !

Oh, tell me, thou bright angel sent from heaven,  
Thou, who didst gain for me that ray of grace,  
Was then the hope to me in mockery given,  
When thou salvation near my grasp didst place ?  
Ah, senseless folly ! All my hopes are vain !  
Till death a love unchanging—who can gain ?

A single hope my heart sustaineth,  
One single hope is anchor'd fast ;  
Though long the earth its form retaineth,  
'Twill fade away in gloom at last !

Oh, day of judgment ! day of woe !  
When wilt thou drive away my night ?  
When, when shall come the last great blow,  
To crush the world with awful might ?

When all the dead shall rise again,  
Then I shall be released from pain !  
Oh, world, your circling course arrest,  
Let grim destruction me invest.

DUTCH SAILORS.

Let grim destruction all invest !

DUET AND CHORUS.

DALAND, DUTCHMAN, AND STEERSMAN.

DALAND.

Heigh ! Holla ! Steersman !

STEERSMAN.

'Tis nought ! 'Tis nought !  
“ I pray thee, south wind, blow still more,  
My maiden——”

DALAND.

Seest thou nought ? What, is that the way to watch ?  
There rides a ship ! How long then hast thou slept ?

STEERSMAN.

Deuce take it all ! Forgive me, captain mine.  
What ship ? Who's there ?

DALAND.

It seems that they are just  
As bad as we.

STEERSMAN.

Give answer ! Ship and flag there ?

DALAND.

Be quiet ! I think I see the captain there.  
Heigh ! Holla ! Seaman ! Give thy name ! thy  
country !

DUTCHMAN.

Far, far I come ! 'Mid storm and wind an anchorage  
Wouldst thou deny me ?

DALAND.

Oh, God forbid !  
I'll give thee seaman's welcome. Who art thou ?

## THE DUTCHMAN.

Hollander.

## DALAND.

God with thee ! Has then the storm  
Driven thee as well upon this rocky shore ?  
I fared no better,—but few miles from here  
My home and hearth await me,—almost gain'd,  
Too soon, alas, were doom'd to vanish. Say  
Whence thou hailest ? Hast thou e'en damage suffer'd ?

## THE DUTCHMAN.

My ship is safe. No damage hath she suffer'd.

By storm and raging waves on driven,  
Aimless upon the sea, I speed.  
How long ? I do not know, for even  
How years roll by I do not heed !

I know not where I have sojournèd,  
Nor where I sail'd, nor sea, nor strand ;  
The goal for which my heart e'er yearnèd  
I ne'er shall reach—my native land !

Oh, give me for a little while thy home,  
And of thy friendship thou wilt ne'er repent.  
With wealth from every zone, with glittering treasures,  
My ship is richly laden. Wilt thou barter ?  
Thou mayst be sure th' advantage shall be thine.

## DALAND.

How wonderful ! Can I indeed believe thee ?  
No lucky star has shone on thee, forsooth ?  
To give thee gladness, I'll offer what I can,  
But—may I ask thee what thy ship contains ?



THE DUTCHMAN.

The rarest, wondrous treasures thou shalt see,  
Most costly pearls, bright gold, and precious stones.  
Behold, convince thyself of their great value,  
The price 'tis, that for but a friendly home  
I'll give thee.

DALAND.

Nay! I'm dreaming! All these treasures!  
Who rich enough the price for them to offer?

THE DUTCHMAN.

The price! Have I not set for thee the sum?  
This if thou'lt shelter give a single night!  
Nay, what thou seest is but the smallest part  
Of that which my good vessel's hold conceals.  
What is all wealth to me, who've neither wife  
Nor child—and whose fair home's a vanish'd dream?  
All these my treasures shall be thine, if thou  
Wilt grant to me a home with thee awhile!

DALAND.

Am I not dreaming?

THE DUTCHMAN.

Hast thou not a daughter?

DALAND.

A fair, true-hearted child.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Let her be mine!

DALAND.

Nay, he doth ask for my daughter as bride !  
Is all this a dream or a vision ?  
I fear me, take fortune I not at the tide,  
That he may change his decision !  
  
Oh, say, am I dreaming or waking ?  
Could a son-in-law more welcome be ?  
A fool if his fortune not taking,  
I charm'd to his offer agree !

THE DUTCHMAN.

I have, alas ! neither wife nor child,  
No tie on earth here to bind me ;  
Hope's cheering ray on my life ne'er smiled,  
The curse is ever behind me.  
  
No home shall I find to receive me,  
Of what avail are jewels and gold ?  
Thy daughter as bride only give me,  
Then take thou my treasures untold.

DALAND.

True, stranger, 'tis, I have an only daughter,  
Who loves me with a daughter's love indeed.  
She is my pride, the best of my possessions,  
In gloom my comfort, and my joy in all.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Her love be ever to her father given !  
Love she him well—she'll love her husband more.

DALAND.

Thou giv'st me jewels, pearls and wealth unmeasured,  
A fairer jewel still—a faithful wife !

THE DUTCHMAN.

Thou giv'st to me?

DALAND.

I give thee here my word—  
I mourn thy fate—so generous as thou art,  
Proves thy good heart and true nobility.  
A son as I would wish—and were thy wealth  
E'en not so great, I would not choose another.

THE DUTCHMAN.

So, thanks! Shall I to-day thy daughter see?

DALAND.

The next fair southern wind will bear us home,  
Then thou shalt see her, and if she doth please—

THE DUTCHMAN.

She shall be mine. Will she my angel be?

How oft by torments onward driven,  
I yearn'd to find some haven blest!  
Oh, may through her fond hope be given,  
That I may find release and rest?

Dare I in that illusion languish,—  
An angel shall requite my pain?  
That after all the fearful anguish,  
Eternal peace I may obtain?

Ah, without hope, as here I bend,  
I still will hope on to the end!

DALAND.

My thanks, O storm, that me hath driven  
Upon this shore, so bleak and cold ;  
Forsooth, the fortune that is given  
I only need to firmly hold.

Ye winds, through you I now can nourish  
Sweet dreams of wealth for her and me ;  
A treasure such as fathers cherish  
A wealthy son-in-law should be !

To him, with wealth and noble mind,  
My house, my child shall be consign'd.

STEERSMAN.

South-wind ! South-wind !  
" Ah, gentle south-wind, blow still more !"

SAILORS.

Hollaho ! Hollaho !

DALAND.

Thou seest how fate doth favour thee,  
The sea is calm, and fair the breeze ;  
We'll hoist the flowing sails, and we  
Shall reach my home to-day with ease.

SAILORS.

Hohohe ! Hohohe ! Hallohoho, &c.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Good friend, I pray thee, sail thou on ahead ;  
The breeze is fresh, but sore fatigued my crew ;  
I'll let them rest awhile, then follow thee.

DALAND.

But this fair breeze?

THE DUTCHMAN.

'Twill blow long from the south,  
My ship is swift; 'twill thine soon overtake!

DALAND.

Art sure? Well then! But thou must good speed  
make!  
Farewell! Thou wouldst fain see my child to-day?

THE DUTCHMAN.

In truth!


DALAND.

Heigh! See, the sails are filling out!  
Hallo! Hallo! Work, fellows, work away!

THE SAILORS.

Through the thunder and storm, from distant seas,  
My maiden, I am near!  
Over wild foaming waves, with southern breeze,  
My maiden, I am here!

O maiden, fair wind still implore  
That I come home to thee!  
I pray thee, south-wind, blow still more,  
My love doth wait for me!  
Hohohe! Yolohe! &c.



END OF THE FIRST ACT.





## ACT II.

DALAND'S house. *On the wall the portrait of the*  
DUTCHMAN.

### SPINNING SONG OF THE NORWEGIAN MAIDENS.



HUM and hum, good wheel go whirling,  
Lively, lively, dance around !  
Spinning, thousand threads a-twirling,  
Let thy pleasant hum resound !  
My love doth sail the ocean o'er ;  
For home he sighs,  
And sweetheart's eyes ;  
My faithful wheel, oh, rush and roar !  
Ah, if thy breeze  
But rul'd the seas,  
'Twould soon my love to me restore.  
Hum ! hum !  
Maidens spinning !  
Spin ! spin !  
Sweethearts winning !

MARY.

Ah, whirling, twirling, how they're spinning !  
Each thinks she's thus a sweetheart winning !

THE MAIDENS.

Dame Mary, still, and pray attend,  
The song is not yet quite to end.

MARY.

So sing, but spin on with a will :  
But thou, good Senta, why so still ?

THE MAIDENS.

Hum and hum, good wheel go whirling,  
Lively, lively, dance around !  
Spinning, thousand threads a-twirling,  
Let thy pleasant hum resound.  
My love doth sail the ocean o'er,  
'Neath southern sun  
Much gold he's won ;  
My faithful wheel, oh, rush and roar !  
If well we spin,  
His wealth we'll win,  
And he will sail the sea no more !  
Hum ! hum !  
Maidens spinning !  
Spin ! spin !  
Sweethearts winning !

MARY (*to SENTA*).

Thou wilful girl, dost thou not spin,  
From sweetheart ne'er a gift can'st win !

GIRLS.

No need to work like us has she,  
Her sweetheart sails not on the sea ;  
He brings her game instead of gold,  
We know—for he's a hunter bold !

MARY.

Oh, see her always gazing there !  
Why wilt thou thus thy life and gladness  
All dream away before it so ?

SENTA.

Why hast thou told me of his sadness,  
His weary life, his endless woe ?  
The wretched man !

MARY.

God help thee, child.

THE MAIDENS.

Ei ! Ei ! Ei ! Ei ! What's that she said ?  
She's sighing for the ghostly man !

MARY.

About him she will lose her head.

THE MAIDENS.

That's why she looks so pale and wan.

MARY.

No use, when I her daily chide.  
Come, Senta, seat thee by my side !

THE MAIDENS.

She does not hear, in love she's now,  
Ei ! Ei ! I hope there'll be no row !  
For Erik, though both brave and good,  
Can show at times his fiery blood.  
Keep quiet, or else in rage he'll shoot  
His rival from the wall—he'll do it.

SENTA.

O maidens, cease your foolish jesting !  
My patience you are sorely testing !

THE MAIDENS.

Hum and hum, good wheel, go whirling,  
Lively, lively, dance around !  
Spinning, thousand threads a-twirling,  
Let thy pleasant hum resound !

SENTA.

O maidens, cease your childish singing,  
Your hum and hum is folly sheer :  
Why all your banter at me flinging ?  
Such wretched stuff I will not hear !

THE MAIDENS.

So sing thyself !

SENTA.

No, no, 'twere better  
Dame Mary sing for us the ballad.

MARY.

Oh, God forbid ! you surely jest !  
The Wandering Hollander—let him rest !

SENTA.

How oft I've heard that song from thee !  
Ne'er mind, I'll sing it, list then to me !  
And let your hearts be fill'd with sorrow  
For one who knows no brighter morrow.

THE MAIDENS.

All right, sing on !

SENTA.

And mark the words.

THE MAIDENS.

Let's rest awhile !

MARY.

But I'll spin on !

SENTA'S BALLAD.

I.

Johohoe ! Johohohoe !  
Saw ye the ship on the raging deep—  
Blood-red the canvas, black the mast ?  
On board unceasing watch doth keep  
The vessel's master, pale and ghast !  
Hui ! How roars the wind ! Johohoe !  
Hui ! How bends the mast ! Johohoe !  
Hui ! Like an arrow she flies,  
Without aim, without goal, without rest !  
Yet can the pale spectre man be freed from the curse  
infernial,  
Find he a woman on earth who'll pledge him her love  
eternal.

Ah, that the poor spectre seaman may find her !  
Pray, pray that Heaven may soon—  
In pity—grant him this boon.

II.

Once round the Cape he wish'd to sail,  
'Gainst adverse winds and raging sea ;  
He cursed : " Though hell itself prevail,  
I'll sail on till eternity !"   
Hui ! And Satan heard ! Johohoe !  
Hui ! Took him at his word ! Johohoe !  
Hui ! And accursed he now sails,  
Through the sea, without aim, without rest !  
But that the pale spectre-man be freed from lasting  
damnation,  
An angel shall send him a wife to bring him peace and  
salvation.  
Oh, if thou couldst, spectre seaman, but find her !  
Pray, pray that Heaven may soon—  
In pity—grant him this boon.

III.

At anchor every seventh year,  
A wife to woo, he wanders round ;  
He woo'd each seventh year, but ne'er  
A faithful woman hath he found !  
Hui ! The sails are set ! Johohoe !  
Hui ! The anchor weigh'd ! Johohoe !  
Hui ! False the love ! False the troth !  
On to sea, without aim, without rest !

MAIDENS.

Where does she linger so long, that angel from heaven  
descended ?



Where can he find her who'll be true till his sad life is ended?

SENTA.

Thou shalt be freed, and through my heart's devotion !  
Oh, that God's angel guidance gave him !  
Here he would find my love to save him !

MARY AND THE MAIDENS.

Good heavens ! Senta ! Senta !

ERIK.

Senta ! Senta ! Wilt thou thus betray me ?

GIRLS.

Help, Erik ! help ! She's lost her senses !

MARY.

Her conduct, Erik, doth incense us ;  
The horrid picture we will burn,  
So soon her father shall return.

ERIK.

Her father comes !

SENTA.

My father here !

ERIK.

From th' hills I saw his ship sail in.

MARY.

We all deserve reproof severe—  
Nought done to welcome them within.

MAIDENS.

Now they are home—so haste away !

MARY.

Hold ! Hold ! Just quietly with me stay.

The sailors come with healthy hunger,  
Now to the cellar, kitchen too ;  
Restrain your joy a little longer ;  
First let us all our duties do.

THE GIRLS.

Ah ! We have much to ask, much longer  
We cannot household duties do ;  
First we'll provide well for their hunger,  
Then we will give them welcome too.

DUET.—ERIK, SENTA.

ERIK.

Stay, Senta, stay but one short moment more !  
From this sad torture me release ! Wilt thou then  
Leave me no hope in life ?

SENTA.

No hope in life ?

ERIK.

Oh, Senta ! Speak ! What shall become of me ?  
Thy father comes—before he sails again  
He will have done what oft he hath desired.

SENTA.

What meanest thou?

ERIK.

Mean? a rich husband give thee!

My heart true unto death remaining—

A simple home of sweet content—

I'll share with thee, if but obtaining

Thy father's long withheld consent.

But if my plaint he do not heed,

Say, Senta, who for me will plead?

SENTA.

Oh, calm thee, Erik, now! Let me away!

My father, I would greet him!

He would be angry should his daughter stay,

Nor go on board to meet him!

ERIK.

Why dost thou flee?

SENTA.

I must on board!

ERIK.

Dost me avoid?

SENTA.

Ah, let me go!

ERIK.

And fleëst thou, the wounds still bleeding

Thou gav'st unto my loving heart?

Oh, hear once more my earnest pleading,  
Hear my last prayer before we part.  
When this poor heart with pain shall break,  
Will Senta my good cause forsake?

SENTA.

Ah, canst thou question my devotion?  
Was I not ever good and kind?  
Oh, tell me, why this wild emotion?  
What fears can thus distress thy mind?

ERIK.

Thy father, ah, 'tis wealth alone he seeks!  
And oh, beloved, may I not count upon thee?  
Oh! grant one boon, one small request deny not!  
Dost thou not grieve my heart each day?

SENTA.

Thy heart!

ERIK.

What of that portrait, Senta? say—

SENTA.

The portrait?

ERIK.

Oh, leave this foolish dreaming once for all!

SENTA.

Can I prevent my glances pity-showing?

ERIK.

And the sad ballad, which to-day thou sang'st ?

SENTA.

I'm still a child, and what I sing I know not !  
Oh, say ! How ? Fearest thou a face, a song ?

ERIK.

Thou art so pale ! Say, should I not be frightened ?

SENTA.

Should not the poor man's fate inspire with sorrow ?

ERIK.

My sorrows, Senta—think'st of them no more ?

SENTA.

Oh, vaunt them not ! What can thy sorrows be ?  
Know'st thou the fate of yon unhappy one ?

Feel'st thou the grief, the endless pain  
With which he seems to look on me ?  
The curse that goads him on the main  
Has robb'd my heart of all its glee !

ERIK.

Woe's me ! And what meant my unhappy dream ?  
God guard thee well lest Satan thee deceive !

SENTA.

What affrights thee so ?

ERIK.

Senta ! A warning hear !  
A dream 'tis ! List, and in its 'hests believe !

On rocky strand I lay, and, dreaming,  
I watch'd the flowing tide advance ;  
I saw the breakers, weirdly gleaming,  
The sea-gulls skimm'd the broad expanse !

And, near the strand, a dark ship riding  
I saw, of curious, strange design,  
On shore—two men in mood confiding  
Approach'd—the one—the father thine !

SENTA.

The other ?

ERIK.

I could recognize—  
The raiment black, the piercing eyes . . . .

SENTA.

With gloomy mien . . . .

ERIK.

The seaman ! He !

SENTA.

And I ?

ERIK.

All I could plainly see,  
Didst haste to give thy father greeting,  
Yet scarce didst see the stranger 'fore thee,  
Than welcome gav'st like lover's meeting,  
Didst clasp his knee : he bent low o'er thee.



SENTA.

He raised me up . . . .

ERIK.

Upon his breast,  
Didst hang with blissful, rapturous glee ;  
Didst kiss him, as in love confess'd.

SENTA.

And then ?

ERIK.

Ye sail'd across the sea !

SENTA.

'Tis me he seeks ! I'll not despair !  
To him ! I will his sorrows share !

ERIK.

Oh, horror ! 'Tis clear to view—  
Ah, all is lost ! My dream was true !

SENTA.

Ah, when wilt thou, spectre seaman, but find her ?  
Pray, pray that Heaven may soon  
Grant him in pity this boon.

SCENE.—DUET AND TERZET.

SENTA, DALAND, AND THE DUTCHMAN.

DALAND.

My child, thou seest me home returning—  
How? No bright welcome, no sweet kiss?  
No smile to greet a father's yearning,  
Do I deserve, good Senta, this?

SENTA.

Oh, welcome home! My father, say,  
Who is the stranger?

DALAND.

Wouldst thou know?

Wilt thou, my child, the stranger give a friendly welcome?

True seaman he, like me,—our guest he would remain;  
Long wandering homeless, oft on distant, distant  
journeys,  
In foreign lands he gold and treasures vast did gain.

From his own fatherland exiled, he

Doth offer wealth our home to share!  
Wouldst thou object if henceforth, child, he  
Should join us in our simple fare?

(To THE DUTCHMAN.)

Say, need I still her praise outmeasure?

Thou seest her form, her beauteous face;  
Need I speak more of this, my treasure?  
Admit that she her sex doth grace!

(*To SENTA.*)

Wilt thou, my child, to him be friendly, welcome show  
him ?

I know that thy good heart is full of sympathy.  
Give him thy hand, as bridegroom soon thou shalt  
know him !

Dost thou to this assent, he shall thy husband be ?

These precious gems, these jewels rarest,  
Are but a tithe of what he'll bring,  
If thou thy readiness declarest  
To change with him the nuptial ring !

But neither speaks ! I'm in the way, I fear !  
So 'tis. 'Tis best alone I leave them here !

A husband such vast wealth possessing,  
Is fortune that is given to few !  
Stay here alone, I leave my blessing—  
Believe me—she's fair—and just as true !

THE DUTCHMAN.

Just like a vision of a long-past yearning,  
This maiden's face so sweet appears to me !  
Or like a dream unto my mind returning,  
I have not dreamt for an eternity.

Oft 'mid the torment of my night eternal  
Longing I gazed upon some being fair ;  
But I was driven by Satan's power infernal  
On my dread course, in anguish and despair.

The glow that warms my heart with strange emotion,  
Can I, accursed one, call it love's devotion ?  
Ah no ! 'Tis longing for the grace divine,  
That once an angel promised should be mine.

SENTA.

Dwell I in worlds with wondrous fancies teeming?  
Is this a wondrous vision of the past?  
Have I before known but delusive dreaming?  
Has the bright daylight come to me at last?

He standeth there with all his griefs, believe me,  
He tells me all his sorrows and despair;  
Say, can the voice of sympathy deceive me?  
As in my dreams I see him standing there.

Oh, what fierce pains within my heart are burning!  
Oh, how my soul is fill'd with deepest yearning!  
I know thou longest for the grace divine,  
Through me, oh, wanderer, it shall now be thine.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Wilt thou, thy father's wish fulfilling,  
Make good his word? Say, art thou willing?

And canst thou give me e'en a life's devotion,  
To me, a stranger, weary of the quest?  
So long I've drunk the curse's bitter potion,  
In thy true love find I that long-sought rest?

SENTA.

Whoe'er thou art, although the curse appals me  
That on thee rests with all its awful gloom;  
Whate'er the fate to which obedience calls me,  
Thy life I'll ever share, or e'en thy doom!

THE DUTCHMAN.

So fearlessly! Oh, Heaven alone could make thee  
To feel this pity for my awful doom.

SENTA.

Oh, thy great sorrows ! I will not forsake thee !

THE DUTCHMAN.

What glorious vision 'mid the night of gloom !

Thou art an angel, and one sent from heaven  
Alone can peace and hope e'er give to me.  
Oh ! can salvation to the lost be given ?  
Almighty One, through her it be !

SENTA.

Oh ! can salvation unto him be given ?  
Almighty One, through me it be !

THE DUTCHMAN.

Oh, if thou knew the fate that, plighting  
Thy troth to me, were surely thine ;  
Wouldst shrink to clasp a doom so blighting  
That comes so soon as thou art mine !

Thy youth, thy gladness, all would vanish,  
Shouldst thou to me devote thy life ;  
All thought of woman's truth wouldst banish  
Ere thou wouldst vow to be my wife.

SENTA.

Then know my woman's feelings call me,  
Oh, be at rest, unhappy man !  
No terrors of thy fate appal me,  
I can defy foul Satan's plan !

Unto the vow once given adhering,  
I'd live its 'hests with every breath,  
To whom my troth I give unfearing,—  
I'll true be—unto death !

THE DUTCHMAN.

Like holy balm, from Heaven descended,  
Her vows of love to me appear,  
Hear it—my torment now is ended ;  
Ye Powers, no more your hate I fear.

My evil star's for ever faded,  
Hope's glorious light doth shine anew ;  
Ye angels, leave me not unaided,  
Strengthen my heart, and make it true.

SENTA.

By wondrous magic overpower'd,  
That bade me save him from his doom,  
Here let his home be, peace-embower'd,  
Here be released from night and gloom.

Why is my heart so wildly beating ?  
I breathe but joy with every breath ;  
Almighty, bless our wondrous meeting,  
Give strength that I be true till death !

DALAND.

Forgive ! my people will impatient be,  
When we come home, they clamour for a fête ;  
Would heighten it, and therefore come to see  
Could we with it the wedding celebrate ?

I think ye've courted to your heart's content.  
Senta, my child, say, wilt thou not assent ?



SENTA.

Here is my hand ! and without rue,  
Yea, unto death I will be true !

HOLLANDER.

She gives her hand ! with this her vow  
I can defy hell's tortures now !

DALAND.

Ye shall the nuptials ne'er repent !  
To th' feast ! Now rule shall merriment !

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



### ACT III.

*Norwegian coast. On one side DALAND'S House.  
The ships of the Norwegian and Dutchman.*

THE NORWEGIAN SAILORS.



TEERSMAN, leave the watch !  
Steersman, come to us !  
Ho ! Ho ! Ho ! Ho !  
Let the anchor go ! Furl the sails !  
Steersman, here !

Fearing neither wind nor rocky strand,  
And to-day we will right merry be !  
Everyone his sweetheart finds on land,  
With good wine, we'll sing right lustily.

Hussasahe ! Reefs and storm, hie !  
Jollohohe ! We can defy ! Hussasahe !  
Furl the sails ! Anchor fast ! Reefs and storm we can  
defy !  
Helmsman, come ! Drink with us !

MAIDENS.

Ei ! Look you there ! Queer dance, indeed !  
Fair maidens like us they do not need !

SAILORS.

Heigh, maidens ! Hold ! Where are ye bound ?

MAIDENS.

Would ye fain drink good wine all round ?  
Your neighbours—we must not forget them ;—  
Are drink and food alone for you ?

STEERSMAN.

Forsooth, such good refreshment set them !  
Athirst and weary they are too.

SAILORS.

Nought can we hear ! Ei, look you—whew !  
No lights ! Where's the captain and the crew ?

MAIDENS.

Heigh ! seamen, heigh ! Wish torches ye ?  
Where are ye hid ? Nought can we see !

SAILORS.

Oh, wake them not ! They'll sleep all day !

MAIDENS.

Heigh, seamen, heigh ! Give answer, pray.

STEERSMAN. SAILORS.

Haha ! 'Tis certain ! They are dead !  
No need have they for wine or bread !

MAIDENS.

Ho ! sailors ! Are you then already asleep ?  
Why can ye not with us the fête-day keep ?

SAILORS.

They're fast asleep, and doubtless snore !  
Like dragons they do guard their store !

MAIDENS.

Heigh, sailors ! Want you wine fresh and pure ?  
You must be thirsty and hungry, sure !

SAILORS.

They neither drink nor sing to-night !  
And in their ship there's ne'er a light !

MAIDENS.

Say ! Have ye not each a fair sweetheart on land ?  
Come, will you not dance on the smooth golden strand ?

SAILORS.

They're old and pale, and all in bed !  
And all their sweethearts—they are dead !

MAIDENS.

Heigh ! Sailors ! Sailors ! Heigh, awake !  
Oh, why will ye not our good cheer take ?

SAILORS.

Oh, why will ye not our good cheer take?

MAIDENS.

Good gracious, yea, they all seem dead!  
No need have they for wine or bread!

SAILORS.

The Phantom Hollander all know we—  
His ship, as she rides, as she glides, you can see!

MAIDENS.

Take care and do not wake the crew,  
For ghosts they are! We know it! Whew!

SAILORS.

How many score years have ye sail'd the seas o'er?  
No harm can the rocks and the storms do you more!

MAIDENS.

They neither drink nor sing to-night!  
And in their ship is ne'er a light.

SAILORS.

Have ye then no letters to send on to land,  
For our great grandfathers? do you understand?

MAIDENS.

They're old and pale, and all in bed!  
And all their sweethearts—they are dead!

SAILORS.

Heigh, sailors ! Heigh ! Hoist your sails ! Heigho !  
And show how the old Flying Dutchman can go !

MAIDENS.

They hear us not ! I'm fill'd with fear !  
They want us not ! Why stay we here ?

SAILORS.

Good maidens, let the dead have rest,  
And let the living your good cheer taste !

MAIDENS.

Here then ! Your neighbours all refuse !

SAILORS.

Why ! Come ye not yourselves on deck ?

MAIDENS.

Ah ! 'Tis not late ! Yourselves first amuse !  
Wait here awhile—we'll soon be back !  
Wish you to dance ? we'll do our best—  
But let your weary neighbours rest !

SAILORS.

Heigho ! Heigho ! Whoe'er had thought it !  
Good neighbours, thanks to you.

STEERSMAN.

Let's fill our glass to them that brought it—  
Good neighbours, thanks to you !



SAILORS.

Good neighbours—can't you speak, at least !  
Wake up, and join us in our feast !

THE NORWEGIAN SAILORS.

Steersman, leave thy watch !  
Steersman, come to us !  
Ho ! He ! He ! Ho !  
Let the anchor go ! Furl the sails !  
Steersman, come !

Watch'd full many a night 'mid storm and rain,  
Drank full oft the ocean's briny wet ;  
But to-day we watch on shore again—  
And better drink from our sweethearts now we get !

Hussasaho ! Reefs and storm, hei !  
Yol-la-lo-he ! We can defy ! Hussasahe !  
Furl the sails ! Anchor fast ! Reefs and storm we can  
defy !

THE CREW OF THE DUTCH SHIP.

Yohohe ! Yohohoe ! Hoe ! Hoe ! Hoe !  
Hui—ssa !  
On to shore—drives the storm !  
Hui—ssa !  
Furl the sails ! Anchor down !  
In the bay, steer the ship !

Gloomy Captain, go on land—  
Seven long years—they quickly flew !  
Seek a fair blonde maiden's hand,  
Fair blonde maid, to him be true !

Merry be—  
Bridegroom !  
Bridal music howls the storm,  
Dance, old Ocean, to the tune !  
Hui ! Hark—he pipes !

Captain—Art thou there again ?  
Hui ! Hoist the sails !  
Thy fair bride, say, where is she ?  
Hui ! On to sea !  
Captain ! Captain ! Hast no luck with thy love !  
Hahaha !  
Howl, thou stormwind, howl away !  
Our good sails heed not your play !  
Satan made them, you'll agree !  
They will last eternally !

THE NORWEGIAN SAILORS

What a song ! Are they ghosts ? I am cow'd !  
All join in—with our song—sing it loud !  
Steersman, leave thy watch ! &c. &c.  
Steersman, come to us ! &c. &c.

DUET, TERZET, AND FINALE.

ERIK.

Am I not dreaming ? Heaven, what must I see ?  
Illusion ? Tell me. Is it true ?

SENTA.

Oh, ask me not ! I cannot answer give thee !

ERIK.

O righteous Heaven! No doubting! It is true!  
What dread, infernal power led thee astray?  
What horrid charm hath thee so soon deceived?  
Why wilt thou break my true, confiding heart?  
Thy father! ha! the bridegroom he did bring—  
I know him well . . . forebodings I have had!  
But thou—O Heaven!—gavest him thy hand,  
Before he'd scarcely cross'd thy father's door!

SENTA.

O Erik! Know—I must! I must!

ERIK.

Oh, this obedience—blind as thy fell deed!  
Didst hail thy father's wish unjust e'en welcome;  
With one fell blow destroyest thou my heart!

SENTA.

No more! No more! I may not see thee more  
Nor thee remember! Duties higher call!

ERIK.

What duties higher? What duty could have made thee  
Forget thy troth once plighted—of love eternal?

SENTA.

What? Love eternal did I pledge to thee?

ERIK.

Senta, O Senta, can'st deny it?

Is that fair day no more by thee remember'd,  
When from the vale thou call'dst me to the height?  
When fearlessly o'er rugged paths I clamber'd,  
And gather'd for thee many a wild flower bright?

Remember'st, as on rocky summit standing,  
Thy father's ship we saw ride on the tide;  
We watch'd the sails, with favour'd breeze expanding,—  
Did he not thee unto my care confide?

Thy arm so sweetly round my neck entwining,  
Didst pledge thy love anew—how happy both!  
Didst press my hand, as on my breast reclining—  
Say, was that not the sealing of thy troth?

THE DUTCHMAN.

All vanish'd—ah, all vanish'd—all is for ever lost!

ERIK.

Still dreaming? Heaven!

THE DUTCHMAN.

Senta, farewell!

SENTA.

Oh, stay, poor wand'rer!

ERIK (*to SENTA*).

What then mean'st thou?

THE DUTCHMAN.

To sea! to sea! for ever fated!  
Thy sacred promise is forgot—  
And my salvation—it is lost!  
Farewell—I wish not to destroy thee!

ERIK.

Oh, fearful! This his glance . . .

SENTA.

Oh, stay!

From this our home mayst never go.

THE DUTCHMAN.

Hoist the sails! Anchor weigh!

And say farewell to this fair land for ever!

SENTA.

How canst thou doubt my troth once given?

Unhappy one, what blinds thy heart?

Oh, stay—that vow was writ in heaven,

And from that vow I'll not depart!

THE DUTCHMAN.

Once more upon the ocean driven,

I can no more believe thy love;

Forgot—the troth to me once given,

The vows enroll'd in heaven above.

ERIK.

Ah, Senta, say, am I not dreaming?

Can I mine eye, mine ear believe?

Senta, oh, flee from Satan's scheming,

To me! His baneful presence leave.

THE DUTCHMAN.

O Senta, learn the fate from which I thee preserve!

I am condemn'd to bear most cruel torments,

A tenfold death would I embrace with joy.

Alone a woman from the curse can free me—  
Who unto death to me her faith will keep !  
True, thou hast troth to me once sworn, but 'fore  
Th' Eternal One not yet,—thus thou art saved.  
For know, good Senta, what is the sad doom  
Of those who break their troth to me once sworn.  
Eternal damnation is their fate,—  
Unnumber'd victims fell beneath this curse ;  
Thou, Senta, shalt be spared this doom !  
Farewell ! My hopes are now for ever fled !

ERIK.

Oh, help her ! Save her ! She is lost !

SENTA.

Thee I know well ! Full well I know thy doom !  
When first I saw thee I thee recognized !  
The end of all thy pains is come ! My love,  
My lasting love, shall thee salvation bring !

ERIK.

O help ! She's lost for ever !

DALAND, MARY, CHORUS.

Are we dreaming ?

HOLLANDER (*to* SENTA).

Thou knowest me not, nor aught of who I am !  
Oh, ask the sea in every zone, oh, ask  
The seamen who have cross'd the ocean's flood.  
They know my ship—of all good men the terror—  
The Flying Dutchman, know ye, I am call'd !

E



DALAND, ERIK, MARY, CHORUS.

Senta ! Senta ! Forbear ! Forbear !

SENTA.

Praise thou his angel with every breath !  
Here see me true, yea, true till death !

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